Monmouth Routed.

Together, with his Promiſe and Reſolution to Return again, a little before he left the Land.

To the Tune of, The Souldiers Departure.

NOw the fatal Fight is over,
Valiant Monmouth muſt away;
While his Enemies did follow,
his ſweet Perſon to betray,
If we had but Ammunition,
we had ſurely won the Field,
But we were in a weak condition,
and was forc'd at laſt to yield.

Some ſays Monmouth he was taken
in a Field a picking Peeſe;
Some ſays in a Ditch a ſleeping,
there were ſuch reports as theſe;
Raiſed meerly to degrade him,
of his Royal Dignity;
But let thoſe that did upbraid him,
Bluſh for ſuch like Villany.

Some the more to blaſt his Glory,
as the naked truth I ſay,
Straightway frame another Story,
ſaying in a Cock of Hay
He through fear was forc'd to build in,
'till they did his Honour trace;
But his famous War-like Gelding
eſcap'd with his moſt Royal Grace.

Some has call'd brave Monmouth Coward,
but they were his Enemies;
When a Souldier's over-power'd,
they can this and more deviſe;
But their words I never heeded,
tho' they knit their Nows, and frown;
His ſtout Valour far exceeded
thoſe which ſtrove to run him down.

1685

Battle of Sed

Sept. 168

Now when we were clearly Routed,
I ran to a pleasant Grove,
Where some of our Men were Scouted,
with that Souldier whom we love;
Who declar'd to give them Battel,
when he could his strength renew,
Drums and Canons they should Rattle,
for to give his Foes their due.

Now we must away to Holland,
where we shall be safe I'm sure,
And my Souldiers that will follow,
they with me shall be secure:
They shall surely lack for nothing,
while in Holland we remain,
And we'll be in better Order,
when we do return again.

How they Draw and Hang my Soldiers,
which doth grieve my heart full sore;
All the bloody Books of Martyrs,
never shew'd the like before?
Nay, they cut them into Quarters,
and their Hearts and Bowels burn'd,
Likewise boyl'd their Limbs in Cauldrons
I at this in tears have mourn'd.

Sure the very Turk or Tartar,
could not act more Cruelty,
Yet like Lambs they took their slaughter,
when they were condemn'd to dye.

Tho' it fill'd the world with wonder,
what they did intend or mean;
Mothers hearts did break in sunder,
to behold this bloody Scene.

How their Actions does alarme me,
to behold their fatal Bane,
Well, I'le have another Army,
for to Fight my Foes again;
Warlike Canons they shall Rattle,
like a Hero of Renown,
I my self will Front the Battel,
for to run the Romans down.

I will find a proper Season
for to pull down Popery,
Since it is no more than Reason,
that my proudest Foes shall see:
Tho' at present I may may ling'r,
Foes shall see my Armor shine,
Nay, and tremble at my Anger
when I accomplish my Design.

He no sooner this had spoken,
but they straightways him secur'd,
Christians Hearts was almost broken,
to behold what he endur'd;
Bloody was his Execution,
from the hand of Cruelty,
'Twas the Papists Resolution,
he should fall most fatally.

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